

APRIL

NO. 3

RED BAND

COMICS

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CAPTAIN WIZARD

WHEN CAPTAIN WIZARD DONNED THE MANTLE WHICH MADE HIM A MASTER OF MIGHTY MAGIC, LITTLE DID HE KNOW THAT THE FIRST USE HE'D HAVE FOR HIS POTENT POWERS WAS A BATTLE TO THE FINISH WITH ANOTHER KIND OF MAGIC!...

...THAT OF SCIENCE, PERVERTED FROM ITS REAL USE AND DEGRADED TO THE REALM OF SUPERSTITION AND CRIME!



FOOTSTEPS ECHO ON A LONELY STREET...

WHO...WHO IS IT? WHO GOES THERE?

GOOD LUCK! GOOD FORTUNE! LISTEN TO ME...



I NEED MEN LIKE YOU...BLIND MEN...OR ARE YOU?



I KNOW YOU! YOU'RE THE ONE WHO IS TRYING TO PUT US BEGGARS OUT OF BUSINESS!

I'M JUST TRYING TO MAKE A LIVING! WHICH IS MORE THAN YOU'RE GOING TO DO, NOW THAT I FIND YOU CAN SEE AND HAVE RECOGNIZED ME!



ONCE AGAIN, FOOTSTEPS ECHO ON THE STREET...

TOO BAD, BUT BUSINESS IS BUSINESS. I MUST FIND REAL BLIND MEN, EVEN IF I HAVE TO BLIND THEM MYSELF!



MEANWHILE, NEARBY, A WAR VETERAN, BORED WITH CIVILIAN LIFE



WHAT IS IT, MAN? WHO DID THIS?

THE... THE... RAD... UGH! THE KNIFE, IT..HURTS..



MAYBE I CAN EASE THE PAIN

HE'S A GONER OR I NEVER SAW ONE!

DON'T MOVE, YOU FILTHY KILLER, OR I'LL...



HE'S DEAD! HEY... THAT COP THINKS I DID IT! NOT SO GOOD!



WELL, I AIN'T WAITING AROUND TO EXPLAIN--NOT AT THIS END OF THAT COP'S '38!

BE STILL, OR I'LL SHOOT!









DEET DRY... THE OFFICE OF THE NOTED PHILANTHROPEST AND FINANCIER, WINSTON W. WINTHROP

GOOD MORNING! AH... A SEEING EYE DOG. YOU'LL BE ABLE TO DISPENSE WITH HIS SERVICES IN THE FUTURE!

GOOD!
I HATE
DOGS!



PLACE THIS BAND AROUND YOUR FORE-HEAD AND YOU'LL BE ABLE TO GET AROUND AS I CAN! THIS IS MY ADAPTATION OF RADAR!

RADAR! THAT'S THE GADGET THAT'S USED TO AIM GUNS! SOME KIND OF ELECTRONIC GADGET, ISN'T IT?



I'VE SIMPLIFIED IT. WHILE YOU WEAR IT, ANY OBJECT THAT IS IN FRONT OF YOU WILL CAUSE A BUZZER TO SOUND IN YOUR EAR. FROM THE TONE OF THE BUZZER YOU'LL BE ABLE TO TELL IF THE OBJECT IS LARGE OR SMALL. THAT BUZZ YOU HEAR NOW, IS A DOG-SHAPED OBJECT.



NOW, IF YOU'LL JOIN THE OTHER MEN IN THE NEXT ROOM... BY THE WAY, WHY DO YOU DISLIKE THE DOGS?

I USED TO MAKE A FORTUNE AS A BEGGAR BEFORE SOME RELIEF SOCIETY GOT HER FOR ME. NOW I HAVE TO WORK FOR A LIVING!



AH... THE BUZZING IS LOUDER; THAT MUST MEAN THERE ARE MEN HERE. HELLO?

HELLO, BUD. GRAB A SEAT!



MEANWHILE, CAPT. WIZARD, STILL BAFFLED, CATCHES UP ON THE NEWS...

I'VE THOUGHT TILL I HAVE A HEADACHE AND I STILL ... WAIT A MINUTE--WHAT GIVES HERE?



"BLIND TO SEE WITH EARS! W. W. WINTHROP RELEASES FORM OF RADAR THAT WILL ENABLE THE BLIND TO LIVE A PRACTICALLY NORMAL LIFE! CALLS THE DEVICE CYCLOPS! DEMONSTRATION WILL BE STAGED TODAY!" A LIGHT BEGINS TO DAWN NOW LET'S SEE THE FINANCIAL PAGE.



"CARIOCA, 87..NO, HERE IT IS! "CY-CYCLOPS PREFERRED...2, COMMON...1" THAT'S A DEMONSTRATION I'LL HAVE TO SEE!



AND SO, SHORT MINUTES LATER....

GENTLEMEN! THE MEDICAL MEN HAVE EXAMINED ALL THESE CYCLOPS WEARERS AND WILL AGREE THAT ALL THESE MEN ARE STONE BLIND. SOME OF THEM ARE WEARING THE DEVICE FOR THE FIRST TIME!



I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU WHAT CAN BE DONE WITH PRACTISE AND HOW EASILY IT CAN BE LEARNED... FIRST...A BLIND BOWLING GAME.



THIS MAN HAS BEEN WEARING THE CYCLOPS FOR TWO DAYS..



AND HE CAN ALREADY MAKE A STRIKE! NEXT.



AN OBSTACLE RACE! SEE HOW EASILY THEY CAN MANEUVER!

THIS GETS CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER! I HAVE A HUNCH!





AFTER THE SUCCESSFUL DEMONSTRATION IS OVER, CAPTAIN WIZARD SPEEDS TO A NEWSSTAND....

THIS IS THE WALL STREET FINAL, ISN'T IT?

YEAH, IT HAS THE CLOSING PRICES ON ALL STOCKS.



YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE NUTS TO PLAY THE MARKET...BUT IT HELPS! WHAT A SUIT FOR A GROWN MAN TO WEAR!

CYCLOPS STOCK WENT UP 20 POINTS TODAY AS A RESULT OF THE DEMONSTRATION! I'M RIGHT!



O.K., CLOAK. MAKE LIKE A FLYING CARPET AGAIN. I WONDER WHETHER FEARLESS FOSTER GOT AWAY FROM RUBBER-FACE TODAY!



THAT FEARLESS POSTER SURE IS A CHARACTER. HE GETS AWAY BY SNAPPING RUBBERFACE'S FACE IN HIS OWN FACE. HI HO. MY FIRST STEP HAD BETTER BE TO FIND ONE OF THOSE BLIND MEN AND...

IF THAT GUY WHO GOT KILLED LAST NIGHT HAD BEEN WEARING ONE OF THOSE GADGETS, HE MIGHTA GOT AWAY!

NO SIGN OF THE KILLER, HUH?



NOT YET. BUT WE'LL GET HIM, AND WHEN WE DO...

HEY, WAIT... DON'T...



SO WE WEREN'T DREAMING! HE CAN FLY! STOP, YOU #5%0%!!

SUCH NAUGHTY LANGUAGE I'LL BE SEEING YOU SOON AND WITH EVIDENCE, TOO!



I HOPE, I
HOPE, I HOPE!



WHAT'S WRONG?
GET BACK WHERE I
CAN SEE YOU OR I
WON'T BE ABLE
TO GUIDE YOU!
ANSWER ME!

ISN'T RADAR
WONDERFUL?
NOW IT CAN
TALK, TOO!
THAT COOKS
THE KILLER'S
GOOSE!



WHY DIDN'T YOU
ANSWER ME? OH,
YOUR BAND IS GONE!
WHERE IS IT? SPEAK!

I DON'T KNOW!
SOME CRAZY COP
SAID THAT A FLY-
ING MAN STOLE IT!

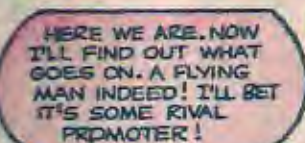


HAS THE WHOLE WORLD GONE MAD? A
FLYING MAN! THE BAND! I MUST GET
IT BACK! IT'LL EXPOSE THE WHOLE
GAFF IF IT FALLS INTO
THE WRONG HANDS!



I'LL CALL A MEETING!
THIS HAS GOT TO BE
THRASHED OUT OR I'LL
THRASH EVERYONE OUT!

GOOD! HE'S
PLAYING RIGHT
INTO MY
HANDS!



HERE WE ARE, NOW
I'LL FIND OUT WHAT
GOES ON. A FLYING
MAN INDEED! I'LL BET
IT'S SOME RIVAL
PROMOTER!



YEP, AND I'M GOING
TO PROMOTE A REAL
FIRST CLASS
MIRACLE!









"TEENY" M'SWEENY

"THE DOUGHBOY WITH A LOT OF CRUST...."

HE'S SHORT --
BUT FROM STARBOARD TO PORT
HE'S FOUR FEET SIX INCHES
AND TOUGH IN THE CLINCHES!

HIS PASSION IS A VITAMIN RATION
A SORT OF ALPHABET STEW
OF PILLS FROM "A" TO THE "ZIZZARD"
FILLS HIS GIZZARD--HE'S A WIZARD!



HE'S SO BROAD HE TAKES UP TWO NUMBERS!

THE MOTOR OF TEENY'S LANDING CRAFT WAS HIT HE TOWED IT IN -- THE FIRST TO LAND!

-- TAKE US RIGHT UP THE HILL TEENY.



THERE GOES TEENY!

-- COME ON FELLERS A LOT OF FUNNY LOOKING MONKEYS ARE THROWIN' THINGS AT US



THE ORDER WAS GIVEN TO DIG-IN

THIS IS A FINE TIME TO START A VICTORY GARDEN.







- LOOK
OUT FOR
BOOBY
TRAPS

- TOO BAD TEENY
WAS WOUNDED
AND COULDN'T
BE IN ON THIS



- DO YOU
SEE WHAT
I SEE SARGE?

- IF I DO
WE BOTH
BETTER GO SEE
THE MEDICO!



- MUST BE THE
OLD SEVENTH -
INNING STRETCH,
SARGE!



- TEENY
MC'SWEENEY - I'LL
BE - !!

?

- IT WAS A CINCH, SARGE!
I DUG THROUGH THE HILL
AND TOOK 'EM IN
THE REAR -

DR. MERCY

TO A DOCTOR ATTACHED TO ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT CITY HOSPITALS, THE WEIRD AND GRIM SIDES OF HUMAN LIFE ARE COMMONPLACE. AS HEAD SURGEON OF THE GLENVIEW HOSPITAL, YOUNG DR. MERCY HAS SEEN ALL OF MANKIND'S TYPES, MEETING THEM ALL WITH A COOLY BENEVOLENT EYE -- GIBBERING MADMEN, COLD-BLOODED CRIMINALS, AND THE POOR LOST SOULS WHO ARE VICTIMS OF EVIL... BUT NONE OF THE CASES IN HIS CAREFULLY KEPT NOTEBOOKS IS MORE STARTLING THAN THAT WHICH BROUGHT HIM IN CONTACT WITH...

THE BEWITCHED HEIRESS!



As
DR. MERCY
AND HIS
FUN-LOVING
AMBULANCE
DRIVER,
STOMPY
LION,
RETURN
FROM
AN
EMERGENCY
CALL...

THAT EMERGENCY OPERATION KEPT US
OUT PRETTY
LATE!

THIS LOOKS LIKE A
RETURN ENGAGEMENT OF
THE JAMESTOWN FLOOD!
WHY COULDN'T I STAY IN
A NICE QUIET RACKET-
LIKE FLAGPOLE SITTING!



A BLOWOUT!
SAY IT AIN'T SO!

WHAT WAS
THAT?













THEY'RE REAL, ENOUGH--TO A CERTAIN
EXTENT. BUT I KNEW THEY HAD BECOME
AN OBSESSION WITH YOU--AND YOU HAD
TO FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF THAT
THEY'RE HAZARDOUS!



YOU SEE, YOUR FRIENDS ARE DUNNERS.
THEY JOIN ALONG THAT WIRE, WHEN THE
SWITCH IS SET IN ADVANCE, I NOTICED
IT BEFORE, AND DECIDED TO SET IT ON
FULL FOR ANOTHER PERFORMANCE.



I SPOTTED DR. CROVER AS A FENCE WHEN
HE ASKED MY OPINION ON YOUR SO-CALLED
CASE. I GAVE HIM SOME MEDICAL
DOUBLE TALK. DID HE AT-
TEND YOUR FATHER?



NO--QUIDA BROUGHT HIM
HERE AFTER FATHER'S
DEATH.

AND DOUBTLESS STOOD TO GAIN IN THE
WILL IF ANYTHING UNPLEASANT HAPPENED
TO MR. VANCE'S HEIRESS! HAVE YOU A
PICTURE OF YOUR FATHER? I THINK IT'S
QUIDA'S TURN FOR A GOOD SCARE!



YES--THERE ON
THE MANTEL....

THIS GIVES ME AN IDEA, MISS
VANCE--AND WITH YOUR COOPERA-
TION---

WHAT IS IT?



DOWNSTAIRS, STOMPY TAKES CARE OF HIS
PRISONERS...

I WANT YOU TWO HYENAS TO BE
GOOD LITTLE KIDDIES!

I WARNED
YOU NOT TO TRUST
STRANGERS,
GIMLET!









YOU WILL DO NO MORE
SCOOPING, FRAULEIN! THIS
TRAILER IS HEADING FOR
OUR CAVE OUTSIDE DE
CITY--AND FOR YOU IT
IS A FUN WAY TRIP!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE SENTINEL
BUILDING, KING O'LEARY IS WORRIED
ABOUT KITTY'S ABSENCE...

THANKS, FRED. FAST
DEVELOPING. YOU SURE
KITTY ISN'T BACK?

NO, MR. O'LEARY.
THINGS HAVE BEEN
PEACEFUL ALL
AFTERNOON!



THIS PICTURE!
IT SPELLS DANGER
FOR KITTY!



LET'S GO, FRED! THERE'S NOT
A MINUTE TO LOSE!

YES, MR.
O'LEARY!



HELLO, CLANCY! DID
YOU NOTICE WHICH WAY
THAT HUMAN FLY'S
TRAILER WENT? IT'S
A MATTER OF LIFE
AND DEATH!

IT TORE OUT THAT
WAY! BUT YOU'LL
NEVER CATCH UP
WITH IT -- IT LEFT A
LONG TIME AGO!



WE'LL HAVE TO CATCH
UP WITH IT! I'LL ASK MY
WAY FROM ONE COP TO
THE NEXT!

IN THE
OWN
HEAD-
QUARTERS
OF THE
NAZI
GANG--
OUTSIDE
THE
CITY--

I KNOW THAT MACHINERY
I SAW INSIDE YOUR MONKEY
SUIT HAD SOMETHING TO DO
WITH GEN. TROTT'S DEATH
--BUT HOW?

THE FOLK--
I WILL EXPLAIN. IT
WILL ANNOY ME!

THE TROTT'S APARTMENT WAS ON
THE 4TH FLOOR. THE HOTEL IS
40 STORIES HIGH. WHEN I GOT OUT
SIDE THE GENERAL'S SUITE--



*BY TURNING A KNOB INSIDE
MY SUIT I SET THE MACH-
INERY, THEN I CRAWLED OUT--



*VILE OUTSIDE, THE DUMMY CONTINUED TO
CLIMB. I ENTERED THE ROOM, SHOT THE
GENERAL--



*THE DUMMY HAD GONE
TO THE TOP OF THE
BUILDING, WHEN THE WALL
BROKE AND THE SUCTION
VENTS IN THE AREA
WENT EMPTY AIR. THE
ACTION WAS THROWN IN
REVERSE AND THE
DUMMY FELL DOWN--

*THEN I GRABBED THE PAPERS
FROM THE GENERAL'S HAND AND
CONGRATULATED MYSELF THAT
EVERYTHING WAS GOING JUST AS
I HAD THOUGHT IT--



*FOUR MINUTES LATER IT WAS AGAIN
OUTSIDE THE GENERAL'S WINDOW AND
VILE IT PAUSED FOR A FRACTION OF
A SECOND, I TOOK MY PLACE INSIDE--





WHISPERED FATE

By

BRUCE ELLIOTT

THE only sound was the low whisper of the train wheels as the streamliner roared through the night. Brad stretched and yawned. He wondered what had made him waste the money on a compartment. This way there was no one to talk to . . . not even a thing to look at but the scenery and that had long since palled. He yawned again and bit it off in mid yawn. The door of his compartment slammed open and two men were framed in it.

They were close together . . . too close. The train lurched and Brad saw a glint of metal at their wrists. His eyes darted to their faces. One, the man on the left was a craggy faced American. The other, who was whispering in the craggy faced man's ear, was Chinese. Brad wondered what was cooking and why they were handcuffed together.

The American smiled at Brad and said, "Sorry to butt in on you like this but needs must when the devil drives. The yaps outside were getting a little too noisy."

He stopped and with his free hand pulled out some credentials and flashed them under Brad's nose.

Brad said, "F. B. I. . . . What's with your prisoner?"

The craggy faced man, Don Bell, according to his papers, said, "That's a rather curious story which I can tell you in return for intruding, if you're interested. It's safe to talk in front of this character because he only speaks Chinese."

Brad leaned back and said, "Lay on, MacDuff. I'm all ears."

"It started when I was assigned to what I thought would

be one of the most boring assignments of my long and varied career."

As the man spoke the train seemed to disappear. In its stead, Brad saw a long white section of concrete broiling in the sun. It was boulder dam and the G-Man had been given the job of guarding it. It was monotonous, for who would attack a dam. Particularly this dam. The biggest, most expensive engineering project in the world. It seemed a little silly.

As it turned out the tip that put the G-Man on the trail was hot, for one day as he was broiling in the sun and grouching to himself about his hard luck, he saw a figure dart across the bottom of the Dam. From his height at the top of the dam the figure was the size of an ant.

By the time he reached the bottom of the dam, the darting figure was long gone. But, left on the ground, was a trail. A trail of searing chemicals that made the G-Man's nostrils scream with pain. That was the beginning. It got worse, for, on chemical analysis, the best chemists in the country had failed to identify what made up the chemical. All they could say was that the chemical ate concrete the way a hungry boy does pie.

Brad was brought back into the present as the wheels of the train complained as they rode over a switch. He stared at the Chinese. What was all this leading to . . . What was the motive?

The G-Man went on, and again the train slipped away and Brad seemed to see the scene as it was described.

There was pandemonium. The

mere thought of millions and millions of tons of water running rampant, which would be the case if the dam were destroyed, was enough to give F. B. I. headquarters the screaming meemies. A cordon of men was thrown around the dam. Military law was instituted.

Days passed and nothing out of the way happened. If it hadn't been for the chemical the craggy faced man would have thought it was all a nightmare or that the heat had affected his brain. But there was the chemical and the ominous hole in the base of the dam where the chemical had begun its evil work.

Then . . . He awoke from a troubled sleep one night. A form barely seen in his darkened room sprang for him. He rolled over in bed as a razor sharp knife buried itself in the mattress next to him. He moved and the knife cut away the side of his pajamas. He swung the side of his hand in a choppy stroke that caught the murderous intruder full in the Adam's apple. A tortured grunt came from his throat. He rolled over and off the bed.

The craggy faced man leaped from the bed and switched on the light. He barely had time to see that the man was a Chinese when the Chinese lashed out with his feet and caught the G-Man in the shins. It was a painful blow and he involuntarily lurched forward and crashed into a table. In that fraction of a second the intruder was on his feet and through the window. The G-Man ran in limping pursuit. Outside the only light came from the inconceivably distant stars. The Chinese was making

his way through some underbrush.

The thought of an ambush flashed across the G-Man's mind but he had to chance it. He ran forward. The Chinese spun around and this time he had a gun with a strange protuberance on the front of it which the G-Man recognized as a silencer. He saw a jet of flame pierce the darkness. He fell flat on his face and held his breath as he heard the bullet ricochet off a nearby stone.

He took a deep breath and figured "Oh well, you can't live forever . . ." and dove full into the menacing mouth of the silenced gun.

* * *

WHEN HE CAME TO, his head felt as though he had the grandfather of all headaches. He muffled the groan that came instinctively to his lips and felt his aching head. His hand came away covered with blood. Some one walked across what he saw was the rocky floor of a cave. He looked up and saw the Chinese looking at him. Against the walls of the cave were what seemed to be endless rows of metal tanks. The Chinese smilingly pointed to the tanks and said in faultless Mandarin. . . . "A pretty sight. There you see that which will accomplish the downfall of the Boulder Dam."

The G-Man who had learned Chinese during a hitch in the Marines which had been spent in China, groaned as he realized that there was nothing he could do.

The train lurched as it slowed down preparatory to coming into a station. Brad looked out the window and said, "Pardon me a moment will you? I have to send a wire to my wife and let her know when the train will get in."

As Brad left the compartment, the Chinese whispered to the craggy faced man, who shook his head angrily.

Brad was back in a few minutes. He sat down and said, "When I had to leave, you were in the middle of a real jam

Brother. What happened after that?"

The craggy faced man waited till the train started to pick up speed as it left the station. Then he said, "It still seems incredible, I was really on my last legs. I had a concussion from the bullet that creased my skull. The Chinese had some of his men tie me up so I looked like a cocoon. I could barely breathe let alone make any attempt to escape. And all the time while I lay there, I had to listen to this madman," he pointed to the Chinese and the handcuffs jangled, "rant and rave about how his new discovery, this chemical, would mean the downfall of all hydro-electric power in America."

He paused and looked at Brad. "You see," he said, "Boulder Dam was to be the first dam to be destroyed, then, one by one he meant to wipe them all out. Imagine America deprived of all electricity."

Brad said, "I get the idea. But what happened, how did you get away?" As Brad spoke the door of the compartment slammed open and two policemen with guns drawn entered the room.

One of the cops barked, "Don't move, you murderous rat, or I'll really do a job on you."

Brad said, "Of all times to come in. Couldn't you have waited till this liar ended his story? Now I'll never know how he was supposed to have escaped."

The craggy man's mouth dropped open. "You knew! How?"

The cops were in no mood to bandy chat. One of them ran his finger over the Chinese' face. His finger came away stained with make up.

The cop said, "Beautiful make up job. How'd you spot him, Brad?"

"It wasn't the make up," Brad chuckled. "I'm still annoyed at the fact that you didn't wait a minute. How were you figuring on ending your fairy tale. . . ?"

The craggy faced man smiled wryly. He said, "Very simple. I was killed."

One of the cops said, "Come on you two, the F.B.I. doesn't like to have one of its men knocked off. This is one rap that'll stick."

Brad said, "Most of your story was true wasn't it? Except that the shot you described really killed the G-Man. You took over his identity when your plan failed and you had to make a getaway. Disguising your partner as a Chinese would have been a good idea, but for one thing."

Brad switched thoughts in mid-stream and said, "There were no Chinese concerned in the plot at all, were there?"

The craggy faced man shook his head, no. The cops were starting to drag him and his disguised partner out of the compartment. The craggy faced man said, "Too bad it flopped. All we were going to do was destroy Boulder Dam and then make every community pay off under threat of destroying their dams as we had Boulder. There would have been millions in it if the F.B.I. hadn't caught up with us. I guess we shouldn't have knocked off the guy whose papers I took. One thing before we go."

Brad looked at him expectantly.

The craggy faced man said, "I figure you're a cop and you sent for these other flat feet at the last station, right?"

Brad said, "As right as rain."

The cops had dragged the two men out in the corridor. The craggy faced man asked, "What put you wise?"

Brad said, "Your supposed Chinese who could only speak Chinese, whispered to you."

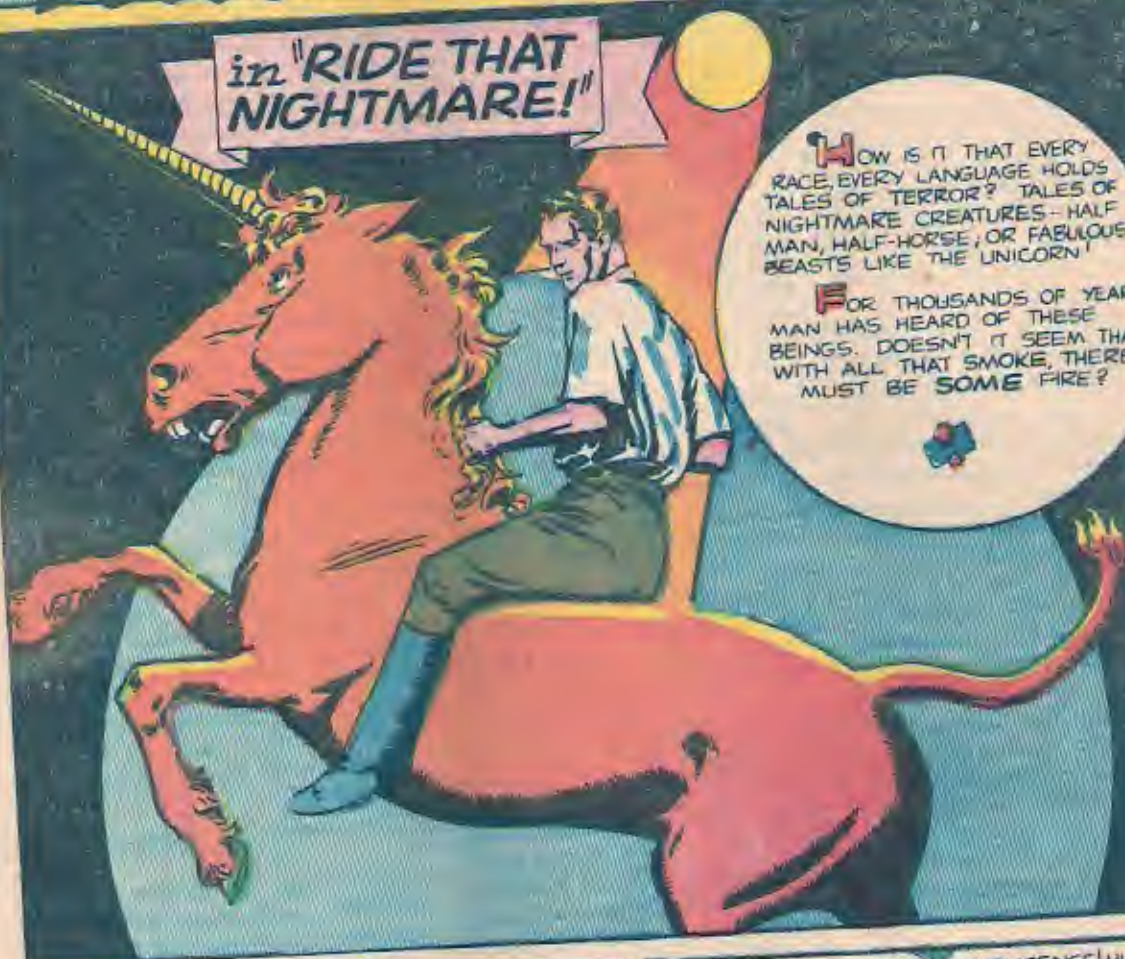
The craggy faced man said, "So what?"

Brad smiled. "So that was your finish. Chinese is a tone language. You can't whisper it. Therefore you were lying."

It was too late. They were gone. Brad sighed and put his feet up on the opposite chair. The compartment hadn't been so boring after all.

RACE WILKINS

in "RIDE THAT NIGHTMARE!"



HOW IS IT THAT EVERY RACE, EVERY LANGUAGE HOLDS TALES OF TERROR? TALES OF NIGHTMARE CREATURES—HALF MAN, HALF-HORSE, OR FABULOUS BEASTS LIKE THE UNICORN!

FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS MAN HAS HEARD OF THESE BEINGS. DOESN'T IT SEEM THAT WITH ALL THAT SMOKE, THERE MUST BE SOME FIRE?

A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION ON THE HIGH SEAS.

THIS IS A BAD THING YOU DO, DR. WILKINS!

WHAT'S BAD ABOUT EXPLORING THE DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN?



FATHER NEPTUNE HAS SECRETS HE NO WANTS US TO KNOW!

NONSENSE! HURRY AND BOLT ME IN! TODAY I GO DOWN FURTHER THAN ANY OTHER MAN HAS!



INTO THE UNKNOWN....

BAD--BAD!
NO GOOD WILL
COME OF THIS!

INSIDE THE BATHYSPHERE...

MY LIFE'S AMBITION REAL-
IZED! I WILL SEE WHAT THE
FLOOR OF THE OCEAN--TWO
MILES DOWN--
LOOKS LIKE!

TONS UPON COUNTLESS TONS OF WATER
PRESS UPON THE WALLS. BUT INSIDE,
ALL IS QUIET...

HELLO--UP THERE! I
HAVE ANOTHER HALF A
MILE TO GO. I'M
GOING TO TURN
ON MY LIGHT!

LIGHT--WHERE LIGHT
HAS NEVER SHONE
BEFORE!

NOW I KNOW HOW
COLUMBUS FELT! HELLO
--I'VE MADE IT! TWO
MILES DOWN!

BUT TWO MILES UP...

I DON'T WANTA DO THIS--BUT I GOTTA!
IT'S NOT RIGHT, WHAT RACE WILKINS IS
DOIN! WHO KNOWS WHAT HE MIGHT
BRING UP FROM DOWN THERE!

HELLO--HELLO! ANSWER
ME! IT'S NO USE! THE LINE
IS DEAD! I'M MAROONED!



HOURS DRAG BY IN THE ETERNAL STILL
OF THE DEEP...

A HALF HOUR MORE OF
AIR AND THEN--DEATH!
WHAT TH--! THE BATHY-
SPHERE IS MOVING!
BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



SLOWLY AT FIRST...THEN FASTER...THE BATHYSPHERE
SPINS!

THERE ARE NO
CURRENTS DOWN
HERE! AND YET
IT FEELS AS THO'
I WERE IN A
WHIRLPOOL!



TORMENTED WATER WHIRLS DOWN INTO A
CREVICE IN THE OCEAN'S FLOOR!



RACE IS KNOCKED OUT. HE KNOWS NOTHING, AS
THE BATHYSPHERE IS SUCKED DOWN--DOWN!

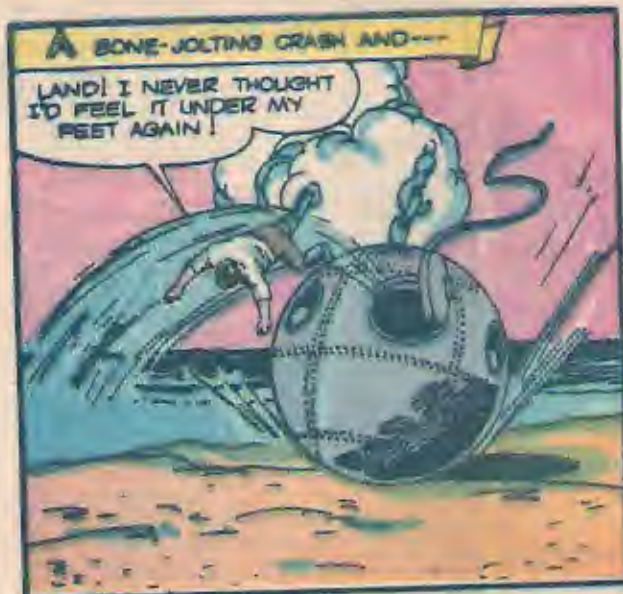


SUDDENLY--ALL IS STILL!

OOH, MY HEAD! LIGHT! LIGHT
FROM OUTSIDE! WHERE CAN IT
BE COMING FROM? WELL, IF I'M
DEAD, IT CAN'T
HURT TO OPEN
THE DOOR!













Impossible Man

JUST IMAGINE BEING LOST ON
A STRANGE PLANET, INHABITED
BY SLURPERS! ... WITH NO MEANS
OF RETURNING TO EARTH! SOUNDS
INCREDIBLY FANTASTIC, DOESN'T
IT? BUT BE A TWO-FISTED,
SCRAP-HAPPY HERO... IT'S AS
EASY AS LICKING A STAMP!
OH, IF ONLY OUR HERO IN THIS
STORY WAS LIKE THAT!

INSTEAD YOU'LL FIND HIM
TO BE HUGH MANN, THE
WEAKEST MAN ON EARTH!



OUR HERO IS
THE KIND OF GUY
YOU'D NEVER BE
ABLE TO PICK
OUT IN A CROWD!
IN FACT, AS WE
LOOK AROUND THIS
CROWD, HE SNIFFS
EMERGENCY!



AH, BUT HERE HE IS! STRONG, FAST, HARD AS BRICK... (WE MEAN THE BUILDING BEHIND HIM!)

I'M A FAILURE... AFRAID OF MY OWN SHADOW! I'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING WORTHWHILE! I'M A FAILURE!... I WISH I WAS DEAD!



NO GIRL... NO JOB... NO NOTHIN'! EVERYBODY PICKS ON ME... JUST BECAUSE I CAN'T HIT BACK! I'M JUST A DRIP! WORST PART OF IT... I KNOW IT, AND CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT!



THERE'S NOBODY THAT'D EVEN MISS ME IF I JUMP OFF RIGHT NOW! OTHER GUYS ARE JUST NATURALLY LUCKY... INVENTING-THING, BEING SUCCESSFUL...



THOUGHT I'D JUMP, HUH? WELL, NOT HUGH MANN! I'VE GOT BRAINS... IF NOT BRAWN! I'LL BUILD A ROCKET SHIP CAPABLE OF TRANSPORTING ME TO MARS!



BACK-BREAKING DAYS FOLLOW...



HE WORKED, AND WORKED... UNTIL FINALLY...

IT'S FINISHED! NEXT TIME YOU PEOPLE SEE ME, I'LL BE IN MARS! I'D BETTER CALL THE NEWSPAPERS!



THE NEXT DAY, AND CITIZENS ARE AMUSED BY EXTRA-SELLING NEWSBOYS WITH STARTLING HEADLINES...



SOD RAL

WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT, POOR SAP!

SOME GUYS'LL DO ANYTHING FOR PUBLICITY!



SUDDENLY, THERE IS A BURST OF ROCKETS, THE EARTH TREMBLES, AND THE SPACE SHIP TAKES OFF... FOR MARS!



TAKE-OFF... PERFECT! NOW TO SET THE SHIP ON A STRAIGHT COURSE... OOPS... THE STEERING WHEEL CAME OFF! WOE IS ME!



THE SHIP IS OUT OF CONTROL! I CAN'T EVEN GET BACK TO EARTH!



FOR MONTHS, A LONE ROCKET SHIP SOARED THROUGH SPACE—UNTOUCHED BY HUGH MANN'S HANDS!



...UNTIL IT FINALLY COMES TO REST ON A STRANGE PLANET...

WHAT PLANET IS THIS? ACCORDING TO THESE CHARTS... THIS MUST BE THE LOST PLANET OF BRUTUS!



BUT EVERYONE KNOWS THAT BRUTUS IS ONLY A MYTHOLOGICAL PLANET INHABITED BY SUPERMEN! BUT ONLY A MORON WOULD BELIEVE THAT FAIRY TALE!

YIPES!
..I'M A MORON!



I MUST BE DREAMING ... BUT WHO EVER HEARD OF A SLEEP-RUNNER! I'D BETTER HIDE IN THE SHIP!

HI, THERE .. WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN THERE?



OPEN THE DOOR, FOOL.. I CAN SEE YOU WITH MY X-RAY EYES!

NOT BY THE HAIR OF YOUR CHINNY CHIN-CHIN! GO AWAY!



IF YOU EXPECT ME TO HUFF AND PUFF AND BLOW THIS CONTRAPTION IN .. YOU'RE NUTS! THIS WAY IS EASIER!

YIII! WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE?

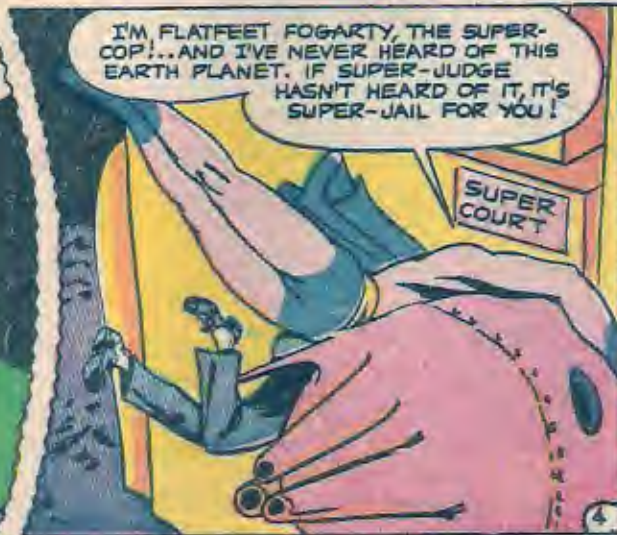


I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU THE SAME QUESTION, PUNY ONE! WHAT PLANET ARE YOU FROM?

ULP.. WE'RE FLYING.. JUST LIKE IN THE COMICS! I'M FROM EARTH! WHO ARE YOU?



I'M FLATFEET FOGARTY, THE SUPER-COP! .. AND I'VE NEVER HEARD OF THIS EARTH PLANET. IF SUPER-JUDGE HASN'T HEARD OF IT, IT'S SUPER-JAIL FOR YOU!



SUPER COURT

AND SO, MINUTES LATER.. THE SUPER-COURT IS IN SESSION..

IF MY SUPER-MEMORY SERVES ME CORRECTLY.. THIS "EARTH" YOU BABBLE OF, IS CALLED THE PLANET OF WEAKLINGS!

WHAT'S THAT? WEAKLINGS... HUH?

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THAT, YOU... YOU SUPER-NOTHINGS! JUST HIT ME.. AND SEE IF EARTH PEOPLE ARE WEAK!



SECONDS LATER...

I BUT PATTED HIM, SUPER-JUDGE. AMAZINGLY FRAGILE, ISN'T HE?

PACKED IN THIS COTTON, NOTHING WILL BEFALL THIS SUPER-SAD SACK! WE'LL EXHIBIT THIS WEAK FREAK!



JUST THEN..

YII! IT'S SUPER-PHONY! WHAT IS IT NOW?

I'VE JUST ROBBED THE SUPER-TREASURY OF ITS VALUABLES, AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

BUT WE HAVE OUR BEST SUPER-GUARDS GUARDING THE SUPER-VAULTS! YOU'RE JESTING-- I HOPE!



JESTING? IT SO HAPPENS THAT I HAVE DEVELOPED **SUPER-HYPNOTIC** POWERS AND AM NOW IN A POSITION TO CONTROL BRUTUS!



UNFORTUNATELY, MEN OF OUR PLANET CANNOT BE KILLED FOR COMMITTING INJUSTICES... SINCE ALL ARE SUPER-MEN. IF YOU REALLY HAVE THIS HYPNOTIC POWER... WOE UNTO THE SUPER-PEOPLE OF BRUTUS!



YOU DOUBT ME, EH? I'LL SHOW YOU! LOOK INTO MY SUPER-EYES, SUPER-COP! LOOK! THAT'S GOOD! NOW YOU'RE IN MY SUPER-POWER! I COMMAND YOU TO BECOME A SUPER-DOG!



MINE EYES HAVE SPOKEN! I GO NOW TO ROB THE SUPER-VITAMIN WAREHOUSE!

THIS IS CATASTROPHIC! ... THE END OF PEACE ON BRUTUS! OH, WOE!

WOWEF! SUPER-WOOF! WOOF!



NOW MAY BE MY CHANCE OF ESCAPING FROM THIS HUMILIATING POSITION!

DO NOT JEST WITH ME, SUPER-WEAKLING!

I CAN STOP HIM, SUPER-JUDGE!



BUT WHAT HAVE WE GOT TO LOSE, BUT YOU, IF YOU FAIL! GO, THEN, EARTHMAN, AND SUPER-LUCK BE WITH YOU!

OH, BOY... THANKS! NOW I'LL SHOW YOU! CALL ME A CAS!



